Ti. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort, what do'ſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, look to heare nothing but diſcords, here's my Fiddleſticke, heere's that ſhall make you dance zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grieuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eies were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man:

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir, if he weare your Liuery:
Marry goe before to field, heele be your follower,
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a Villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertayning rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Ti. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla ſtucatho carries it away.
Tibalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Ti. What would'ſt thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte,

leaſt

leaſt mine bee about your eares ere it bee out.

Ti. I am for you.

Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come ſir your Paſſado.

Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio* the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona* ſtreets,
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio.*

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry 'tis enough,
Where is my Page? goe Villaine, fetch a Surgeon.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No 'tis not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but 'tis enough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall find mee a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this World, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death, a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmetick, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio.*
Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes.
They haue made wormes meat of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly to your houſes——— *Exit*

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaynd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin. O ſweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beautie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

 Enter

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